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JOHN BUZZBY;

OR

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

BY JAMES KENNEY, Esq.

"
AUTHOR OF

*Raising the Wind—Matrimony—Matchbreaking,
&c. &c. &c.*

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NO. 4 CHAMBER-STREET.

1822.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANDERSON - - - - MR. FAULKNER.
MAJOR AUBREY - - MR. YOUNGER.
GREVILLE - - - - MR. JONES.
MAITLAND - - - - MR. JOHNSON.
JOHN BUZZBY - - - MR. TERRY.
NATYR BRIGGS - - - MR. W. WEST.
JINGLE - - - - MR. OXBERRY.
SIMON - - - - MR. TAYLEURE.
CONSTABLE - - - - MR. HAMMOLD.

MRS. ANDERSON - - MRS. JOHNSON.
MRS. BUZZBY - - - MRS. PEARCE.
CECILIA - - - - MISS. BOYCE.
JENNY JINGLE - - - MRS. CHARTERLEY.

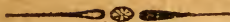
SCENE RICHMOND.

TIME—THAT OF REPRESENTATION.

167982

11

JOHN BUZZBY.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Richmond Green.*

Enter BUZZBY.

Buz. Here you are, here you are, John Buzzby, safely lodged upon Richmond Green, a beautiful day before me, and all my plagues behind me; my wife, thank heaven, ten good miles in the rear. The man in the play the other night, coolly compares a woman's prattle to a chesout in a famous fire; but for my part, wherever I can hear the Park guns, I dread the reverberation of Sukey Buzzby's tongue; but that for it now, I'll have a day's pleasure. I've put her upon a wrong scent, and I'll strut jollily up the hill, look down upon Twickenham meadows, and see the cockney waterman and their sweethearts turn out upon the grass, ready to eat it with hunger and rurality. Their sweethearts!—Ah! as long as that lasts, happy rogues they are. And ecod, I've such a sweet sort of a spring feeling come over me, I could almost—

JULIA enters and examines him.

Eh! my fellow traveller! How very odd she should loiter about me in this way.

Jul. He seems to be alone, and at leisure, and the respectability of his appearance decides me.

Buz. (after another glance) Pooh! pooh! John, she's a gentlewoman bred and born.

Jul. yet the singularity—

Buz. Still looking at me—

Jul. I'll venture notwithstanding—sir—

Buz. Ma'am—

Jul. Sir, I—[*aside*] Why this embarrassment?

Buz. Bless my soul!

Jul. In the request I have to make to you, I fear I shall appear extremely indiscreet and irregular, but your obliging behaviour on the road—[*he bows*] your open and prepossessing countenance—

Buz. Ma'am—[*bows*]

Jul. That air of kindness, and at the same time of prudence—

Buz. Oh, madam!—(*bows*)

Jul. I trust I am not mistaken, but your appearance and manner altogether sir, assure me, that in my peculiar situation, you will not refuse me your confidence and protection.

Buz. Oh! certainly, ma'am, if you'll only just mention—(*aside*)—very odd, too—a deep one, perhaps, and takes me for a flat.

Jul. You seem disengaged.

Buz. At your service, ma'am.

Jul. Then, sir, as this town is wholly unknown to me, will you have the kindness to conduct me where I wish to go, and allow me to accompany you on your return to London?

Buz. Wey really, ma'am, I had a little plan of my own, for spending the day, and perhaps, when I mention, that I am a married man—

Jul. 'Tis what I could have wished, sir.

Buz. (*aside*)—Plumb, however! gad, if Sukey heard her—

Jul. 'Tis impossible, sir, you should misinter-

pret me ; with that respectable appearance, and at your time of life.

Buz. Oh, lord ! that's a damper !

Jul. If you knew, sir—

Buz. Yes ma'am, if I knew ; but I know nothing, and certainly ought to know every thing.

Jul. And when you do know the motives of my journey, and how essential it is to my repose, that none, either of my friends or family, should be acquainted with them, you will perhaps, regard my conduct with less surprise and more interest.

Buz. I have no doubt ma'am and as every word you utter increases my curiosity, I hope, at last, you'll do me the favour to satisfy it. You're a gentlewoman, madam. I'm sure of it. Only let me into the secret, and I'm your humble servant.

Jul. You know this town, sir ?

Buz. Pretty well, madam.

Jul. Then, probably, sir, you may know where Major Aubrey lives.

Buz. Can't say I do, ma'am.

Jul. Belonging to the regiment now quartered here.

Buz. Hav'nt the honor of his acquaintance, ma'am, but I'll ask about with a deal of pleasure. There go two of the officers, ma'am ; perhaps they can inform us.

Jul. Do me the favour to enquire, sir. They are turning the corner—don't lose a moment.

Buz. I'm gone, madam. This must be some affair of consequence. [Exit.

Jul. Fortunately, they are turning back, and now he is making his enquiry. Heavens ! can I

mistake ? 'tis he—'tis Greville himself ; should he follow the gentleman, what will become of me ? Every hour gives me fresh reason to repent of my girlish folly. To have been led into a correspondence, without an object, and no kind friend to warn me of the consequence ! Yet who would have suspected Greville to have been so ungenerous ? Should my present intention be frustrated, and my husband seek a quarrel with him, I dread the consequence.

Re-enter BUZZBY.

Buz. I have it, madam—could'nt have made a more lucky rencontre ; the young gentleman is captain in the Major's regiment.

Jul. He is, sir, I know him.

Buz. Know whom, ma'am, the young man ?

Jul. That is, I know his uniform, Sir. I hope you didn't tell him who was with you ?

Buz. Tell him who was—no, ma'am, no I should have been rather puzzled to have done that, for if you recollect—

Jul. You are uninformed yourself. True, sir.

Buz. But you'll tell me all now, I dare say. You were saying, I think, you know the uniform, and you have a particular reason for—you have a particular reason—(*inquisitively*)

Jul. Sir I was fearful, on your asking the major's address, that, being a military gentleman, and accustomed to gallantry, he might have insisted upon conducting me himself.

Buz. Well, now, I should have thought that the very thing for you ; a smart young fellow, and a very polite young fellow—

Jul. Not for the world, sir.

Buz. No: I'm the man—that's decided. And pray what's your objection, ma'am?

Jul. The truth is, sir, I know the gentleman himself, have known him from infancy; our families were intimate; but latterly he has conducted himself in a manner that—on no account—

Buz. Ah! the old story! but know it I must—my character—

Jul. The major's address, sir, if you please.

Buz. Union Street, madam, a propitious name, I hope: last house but one; green door and brass knocker; cross the green and you are there presently; and as the affair seems to be quite out of my way, ma'am, you'll excuse me—

Jul. Would you then, leave me, sir,—may I not intreat of you to conduct me to the major's?

Buz. Why, ma'am, conducting a lady in these cases, is really such an awkward, secondary sort of office—

Jul. Indeed, sir, if you have an evil thought of me, you are utterly mistaken.

Buz. Why possibly; but allow me to say, you don't seem at all disposed to enlighten me. I've a touch of curiosity, ma'am, as well as the ladies; and like to get at the bottom of all matters I meddle with.

Jul. What would you ask, sir?

Buz. Ask? what do I know, ma'am?—I'll ask that in the first place. Consider ma'am, you and I travel together; I take you for a respectable young lady, and you take me for a respectable middle-aged gentleman and on the strength of that, do me the honor to engage me for the

day ; but in what capacity, ma'am ? if I squire you to the Major's, what character am I to appear in ? I ask a civil question of a young officer, and that throws you into a violent agitation ; it's a love affair, ma'am, I presume, and I'm only sorry it's made a mystery of ; what may be *your* object I don't know ; what part the major plays, I won't venture to guess, and as for mine—

Jul. When I left London, sir, it did not occur to me, in the anxiety of my feelings, how ill an impression I might make, in visiting a gentleman, wholly unaccompanied, however urgent my business ; in due time you shall know all you wish ; for the present, let it suffice to say, that on your support and protection may depend my future repose and happiness.

Buz. She melts my heart. Madam, I will support you. I open my heart to your confidence ; I sacrifice all to you—my walk up the hill—my dinner at the castle—my life—my wife—and my precious reputation. Command me, madam ; I surrender at discretion.

GREVILLE, *without.*

Greco. Maitland—this way, this way.

Buz. The young officer—

Jul. Heavens !—

Greco. Maitland !

Jul. Pray, let us avoid him,

Buz. Avoid him !—for what ? take my arm, and fear nothing.

Greco.—[*Entering and interrupting them*]—Pardon me, madam—it was on your behalf, I believe, that this worthy man enquired of me the address of—

Buz. Of Major Aubrey. It was, sir, and as you were so polite as to inform the worthy man, neither he nor the lady desire to give you any further trouble. Good morning, sir.

Grev. One moment, sir. The major happens to be my particular friend: my relation indeed, and if the lady has business with him, official or otherwise, any service I can render her—

Buz. Sir, one service you can render, and only one—

Grev. Name it.

Buz. Proceed on your own business, and allow us to manage ours.

Grev. (*Still stopping him.*) Sir, as I address'd the lady 'twas not from you that I expected my answer.

Buz. Sir, my answer is the lady's answer. What I say is with full power and upon the best authority.

Grev. What, you are her husband then, or her father, or her guardian?

Buz. It's of no consequence who I am, sir. If the lady refuses your service, she has her reasons, and if I refuse to explain her motives, I have my reasons also. Meddling in business that don't concern one is a very ticklish sort of thing; take my word for it, there's no saying where it may end. You understand me. I dare say.

Grev. I do, sir; and if you were but thirty years younger—

Buz. As to my age, sir, if I don't mind it, you needn't—damme, sir.

Jul. (*aside*) Dear sir—

Buz. This lady is under my protection, and by the honor of the Buzzby's I will protect her.

Grev. Keep your temper, friend, I beg of you.

Enter MAITLAND.

Mait. Where the devil is he? Who have we here?

Buz. If you are this gentleman's friend, sir, I recommend you to keep him out of mischief.

Mait. What is the matter?

Grev. I'll tell you.

Buz. Do. Tell him you have intruded yourself on a lady who has been particularly anxious to avoid your company.

Jul. (uneasy.) Sir! sir!

Buz. Tell him the reception you have met with, and in the mean time, we'll beg leave to proceed on our affairs without your assistance—and if you have any thing further to say to me, here is my card, sir—corner shop, and name on the door—you'll find me ready to deal with customers of all sorts, and so sir, your very humble servant.

[*Exit with JULIA.*

Mait. What Tiger have you roused now?

Grev. Ha! ha! ha!—Hosier and haberdasher. Here's a formidable challenge!

Mait. What you have been making love to his wife?—

Grev. His wife, hang it, no, not his wife, I'll be sworn—'twas the elegant creature on his arm I spoke to.

Mait. I guess'd so. And why to her?—what pretence had you?

Grev. Every pretence, she's visiting my uncle;

sent her Cranbourn Alley champion to enquire his address of me. Have you no guess who it is ?

Mait. None.

Grev. What ! have you never heard me speak of a figure like that, accompanied with a certain grace ; a certain elegance of deportment—

Mait. The resentful Julia ?—

Grev. I suspect it. You shall know presently.
(going.)

Mait. Where are you going ?

Grev. Upon mature consideration, I am determined to ascertain the fact, and know her business with my uncle.

Mait. Stay ! her business with your uncle you may form some idea of, and the wrongs you have done her, your very meeting there may possibly aggravate.

Grev. Wrongs !—upon my soul, you're a pleasant fellow, and with so much charity for one sex and so little mercy for the other, admirably qualified for spoiling a mistress, or annoying a friend. Wrongs truly ! and from you—you who have just been jilted—jilted by an angel—who, no doubt, thinks herself wrong'd that you did not persecute her, and calls *you* devil for your simplicity.

Mait. My case is a mystery, yours is clear and unequivocal ; if you could set me at ease as a companion, let me be honest as a friend.

Grev. Speak out ; only give me credit for my patience and docility.

Mait. Your early intimacy with Julia Courtney betrays her into a correspondence with you—

Grev. Don't remind me of it ; such letters, Maidland ! the wit of Montague, the sense and

spirit of De Sevigné!—delightful correspondence! which she thinks proper to terminate by marrying another man.

Mait. She has fulfilled the wish of her friends, and acted prudently; but when your levity taught her the indiscretion of her conduct towards you, you refused her the restitution of her letters, and you know have repeatedly made public allusions to them. These surely are wrongs, Greville, which if this really be the lady, I recommend you immediately to repair.

Grev. And you would really have me—

Mait. Briefly, I would have you go home, make a packet of her letters and depute me to follow this lady to your uncle's, and if she really prove to be the offended Julia, inclose them on your behalf with a handsome apology.

Grev. "Let him do this, and Cato is his friend." Poor Julia! and poor Maitland! for one wants just as much humoring as the other. So to please you both, there's the key of my secretary. The letters are already in a packet and the first thing you'll lay your hands on, do what you will with them, I have a pressing engagement and give you full powers.

Mait. This is more than I hoped for: most readily do I accept your trust, and be sure will use it for your honor. I'll intercept them, before they reach your uncle's, and I hope soon to bring you tidings of reconciliation. But mind, Greville, while I am bringing you out of one scrape, pray don't get yourself into another.

Exit.

ANDERSON *Enters, while MAITLAND is speaking.*

Grev. Ha! ha! ha

And. Greville ! this should be the man I seek. Sir, your humble servant. (*Greville bows.*) Your name's Greville it seems ?

Grev. At your service.

And. You don't know me, perhaps ?

Grev. I have not that honor ; I hope it is now intended me.

And. But, I fancy, Sir, you know a certain Mrs. Anderson ?

Grev. Mrs. Anderson ?—

And. Or the name of Julia Courtney, may possibly be more familiar to you.

Grev. Julia Courtney ! my dear sir, the very lady we were speaking of. Julia Courtney, was a charming creature, full of beauty, wit, and grace, Julia Courtney was to be envied, Mrs. Anderson, I fear is to be pitied. Julia Courtney had a reputation for taste, Mrs. Anderson they say has spoilt it. Julia Courtney wrote like an angel, and I verily believe, might have shackled me with the fetters of Hymen, me, Harry Greville—and yet to think, sir, that with such a chance, she should give up her young soldier for an old sailor, who in all probability will lull her slumbers with tobacco smoke and old stories.

And. Sir, the lady may possibly imagine his stories to be as good as your jokes, and an old sailor's smoke, quite as agreeable as a young soldier's vapor ; if she doesn't ; she has less taste than I gave her credit for.

Grev. Anderson has an irresistible advocate.

And. Anderson, sir, is his own advocate.

Grev. So my penetration suggested. You have a treasure, Anderson—I give you joy of it ; but it was damnd cruel of you for all that—I

should have had notice—to break a young man's heart in that abrupt and unmerciful manner!

And. No ribaldry sir. We must be serious.

Grev. Ribaldry! your criticism, Anderson, is as cruel as your conduct—but as it's an article more in fashion, we'll endeavor to overlook it.

And. Overlooking won't do on either side. My purpose now is to tell you in few words, that your conduct relative to Mrs. Anderson, since she has acquired that name, has been unworthy of a man of honor.

Grev. Now sir, we will be serious if you please; our conversation admits but of one conclusion; and that must be a summary one. You mean it, of course; therefore look for your friend, name your place, and let your time be as short as possible.

And. First, sir, hear me.

Grev. Don't be tedious, that's all.

And. Mrs. Anderson, sir, has made no secret of her correspondence with you, and had it gone no further than to flatter your vanity and mortify hers, no notice would have been taken of it; but when she had formed a serious, and sacred engagement, to have abused her confidence, trifled with her fame, and exposed her to the loss of the world's esteem, and mine, is a conduct which every honest man must feel, demands a reparation.

Grev. I am thinking there's a very convenient nook in the Park, westward of the great gate.

And. There then, sir, I shall expect you, in two hours from this time.

Grev. Not later if you please.

And. There is no need, sir, to aggravate our quarrel: I shall be punctual. *Exit.*

Grev. Now has this high-mettled husband of hers, robb'd me of all the grace of my condescension to Maitland, whose proceedings I must stop or Anderson will think he has overawed me ; sneeringly compliment me on my gentlemanly conduct, and deprive me of the honor of exchanging shots with him : yes, yes, I'll stop Maitland's proceeding directly. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room at the Rose and Crown.

Enter JINGLE, JENNY, and SIMON.

Jin. Hold your tongue, hold your tongue ! and mind your business. Teach this bumpkin his duty. Clear out here, clod.

Sim. Yes, sir.

Jen. But father—

Jin. Hold your tongue—

Jen. The bill—

Jin. For No. 4. I know—lump it. They've got their own gigs. Sherry seven shillings, ham, bread, butter, stilton, radishes, salt, &c. ten shillings. For such a list of items a very moderate total.

Jen. But father—

Jin. Hold your tongue—

Jen. They'll swear.

Jin. Let 'em. Your father made it.

Jen. They'll send for you.

Jin. Let 'em. Two bumpkins. Let it out in talking—Yorkshire lads—appeal to their consci-

ence—never see 'em again—can't keep house for nothing—(*bell rings*) coming—run—

Jen. But if—

Jin. Hold your tongue—

Jen. Hold your tongue! hold your tongue!—What a hard hearted unnatural father. If Ensign Maypole runs away with me, I'll talk all the honeymoon without stopping. *Exit.*

Jin. That girl's mother had such a devil of a tongue; I was always obliged to be on the alert to get in a word; and so would she, if I didn't watch her as I would a bottle of spruce: the moment the cork fizzes, pop, or you're smother'd in a jiffy.

Sim. He! he! he!

Jin. He! he! he!

Sim. He! he! he!

Jin. Hold your tongue.

NATTY BRIGGS (*without.*)

Come along, this way mother!

Jin. Hark! company! run you rum one.

Exit SIMON.

Enter Mrs. BUZZBY, NATTY, and CECILIA.

Mr. Briggs! What! brought the old lady?—that's kind.

Nat. Yes, I told you I would, you know. This is my mama: Mrs. Briggs as was, Mrs Buzzby as is.

Jin. Welcome ma'am—welcome to Richmond, and the Rose and Crown—hope we shall make every thing agreeable—come to dine with us, I hope.

Nat. Yes, mother means to dine with you.

Jin. Jenny! bring the bill of fare!

Mrs. B. No occasion for that, Mr. Jingle. We'll dine at the ordinary.

Enter JENNY.

Jin. No ordinary of week-days, ma'am.

Mrs. B. No ordinary, Natty?

Nat. Never mind, he'll give us an ordinary dinner.

Mrs. B. And will he charge us an ordinary price?

Nat. Nonsense—(*points to Cecilia.*) Do it handsomely.

Mrs. B. You're a sly dog.

Nat. (*advancing consequentially.*) Be quiet mother. You don't suppose I meant Miss Cecilia to dine at an ordinary, neither. No, no, we can do the genteel thing, I suppose, as well as a military officer.

Mrs. B. Ah! you had always a proud spirit.

Cec. (*aside.*) Vulgar wretch!

Jen. (*observing her.*) What should he know of a military officer (*she retires offended.*)

Nat. I'll step and look at the larder.

Jin. You had better look at the bill of fare.

Jen. As to the larder—

Jin. Hold your tongue. The bill of fare, eh, Sir! you must want refreshment—rowed here, I suppose—your own waterman as usual?

Nat. No thank ye! not to day. Came in the Steam, and amused the ladies. I played the fife all the way from Putney bridge.

Jin. Then you had the wind in your favour.

Mrs. B. Entertaining creature!

Jin. I know him.

Nat. Mother thinks music on the water, so romantic.

Mrs. B. Your music especially.

Nat. Stuff, you're always so partial.

Mrs. B. Am I singular?

Jin. Answer that Mr. Briggs. (*Briggs nudges him conceitedly.*) I see. Will the ladies take any thing before dinner?

Nat. Eh, mother?—what do you say for a drop of shrub?

Mrs. B. Why, as I'm rather warm—

Jin. Best thing you can take, ma'am—bring the shrub, Jenny—(*Exit Jenny.*) hand you the bill of fare directly. [*Exit.*]

Nat. Well, Miss Cecilia, how do you find yourself now?

Cec. Charmingly!—

Nat. Au't it a sweet rural place? look ye, here's a picturesque view—look, mother—

Mrs. B. Oh, it's the most loveliest landscape—

Cec. (*aside.*) So far, I have dissembled bravely—beautiful!

Nat. (*to Mrs. B. nodding towards Cecilia.*) What d'ye say now:

Mrs. B. What! why that she's yours, that she shall be yours. 'This little treat is the wisest thing you ever did.

Nat. To be sure—didn't I tell you so—a little jollification opens their hearts, and tittivates their faculties; they like us men of spirit. I say—father-in-law Buzzby little thinks what we're after, while he's dunning his creditor at Deptford.

Mrs. B. Who cares what he thinks,—he has his frolics, I'll be bound for him.

Nat. What papa Buzzby! more than you know of, trust him for that, mother; so e'en let's enjoy ourselves; it's all for I know who—come,

sha'nt us take a turn before dinner; eh, Miss Cecilia!

Cec. But, you hav'nt ordered dinner yet.

Nat. True—mother, you and I will go and look at the larder

Mrs. B. Come then, my dear.

Nat. I'll take care it shall be a good one, Miss.

[*Exeunt NATTY and MRS. BUZZBY.*

Cec. (*watching them out.*) Jenny's coming! if I could but get her to convey my letter?

JENNY enters.

Jenny. Now she's alone, if I could but get a nute's chat with her—

Cec. Jenny!

Jenny. Here am I, miss.

Cec. I want to have a little talk with you.

Jenny. Oh, thank you, miss

Cec. Richmond is very gay at present, I fancy.

Jenny. It's the time of year, miss.

Cec. Pray, hav'nt you a regiment of dragoons here?

Jenny. (*sighing.*) We have indeed, miss. The finest regiment! one of the officers lodges in this very house, and so desperately in love with—

Cec. Whom?

Jenny. Me, miss.

Cec. And his name is—

Jenny. Guess!

Cec. Guess, child!—

Jenny. It begins with an M.

Cec. Not Maitlaud!

Jenny. No, miss.

Cec. Nay, how should I guess?

Jenny. Ensign Maypole, miss—the sweetest

youth—five feet eleven, and but just turned of nineteen—if you were only to see him, with his beautiful flaxen locks dropping from under his tall black cap, over his lilly-white face!—and then he listens, miss, listens so attentively, and sighs, and walks away to bed, trailing his long sword so sentimentally! I do think, miss, he'd lay down his life for me.

Cec. Would he? why then, very likely, Jenny, he'd deliver this letter for you, to a brother officer?

Jenny. His brother officer?—

Cec. Yes, to Captain Maitland!

Jenny. I see how it is, miss; they want you to have that foolish Natty Briggs, and you are for the Captain.

Cec. Hush!

Jenny. I applaud you, miss, and he shall have the letter. (*puts it into her bosom.*)

JINGLE enters, followed by SIMON, NATTY BRIGGS, and MRS. BUZZBY. JINGLE has an open letter in his hand.

Jin. (*to Jenny.*) Oh, you jade! Oh, you hussey! Oh! you loquacious libertine!

Jenny. Law, father!

Jin. You gossip! you mischiévous gossip! you arch enemy of peace and propriety!

Jenny. I!

Jin. Hold your tongue! Hav'n't you taught the dumb to talk—Hav'n't you seduced silence itself—undermined innocence—corrupted a delicate young dragoon!

Nat. Oh, Miss Jenny!

Mrs. B. Fie upon you!

Jin. Hussey, if you can listen—

Jenny. I must listen.

Jin. (*reads.*) "Dearest Jenny."

Mrs. B. Monstrous!—

Jin. Hold your—beg pardon, ma'am—"It is my intention this evening to sleep"—

Mrs. B. A wicked assignation!

Jin. "To sleep at my aunt's at Isleworth"—

Nat. Oh, if it's only at his aunt's!—

Jin. Gentlefolks!—"therefore, let nobody sit up for me, and believe that wherever I lay my head, fancy shall still recal your image in my dreams. and your sweet voice as the lullaby to my slumbers,"—

Jenny. Bless him! only hear—

Jin. "Your tender admirer, Maximilian Maypole."—

Nat. Crimini! what a swell!—

Jin. What d'ye say to that?

Jenny. Say! that whoever gave it you, was a blockhead!

Sim. It were I, miss,

Jen. I thought so.

Sim. It were give to me to deliver into your own hands: I told master so, and you see, he's gone and opened it.

Jin. How dare you talk to the soldiers? How dare you talk to any body: Never any good in gossiping, What's this? (*sees the letter in Jenny's bosom, and slips it out.*)

Jen. Gemini me! he's got it!

Jin. "To Captain"—Ah you—

Cec. (*snatching it from him.*) For shame, sir, reading a private correspondence! rather than I'll stand by and see such a thing, there's for you.

(*tears the letter.*)

Mrs. B. Amazement !

Nat. Miss Cecilia !—

Jin. A mighty modest well-bred young lady.

Nat. (to *Mrs. B.*) I smell a rat !

Mrs. B. What does he mean?—

(*NATTY* takes up the fragments and tries to read.)

Jen. (giving him a sound box on the ear.)

How dare you read my letter ?

Nat. Mother !—

Mrs. B. Why, you audacious—

Jin. Are you mad, wench ! get out of my sight, get out of my sight ! I'll teach you manners, I warrant me. Hold your tongue !

Exeunt JENNY and JINGLE.

Mrs. B. Has she hurt you, Natty ?

Nat. I believe she has : only let her come in my way, that's all. As to that letter, mother, I've got my private opinion about that. Is she gone ?

Mrs. B. Quite, child.

Nat. You pick up a bit, mother.

Mrs. B. Here's a bit, my dear Natty.

Nat. Look ye here—Here's *M. A*—

Cec. (sidling towards him.) For shame !—

Nat. What, you want to snatch too, do you ?

Mrs. B. Let him alone.

Nat. Here's *M. A*—

Cec. It's to Ensign Maypole, of course.

Nat. Aye, but here's *I. T.* next—*M. A. I. T.* won't spell Maypole.

Mrs. B. So, so, Miss Cecilia, this is your writing.

Cec. My writing, indeed.

JINGLE Enters.

Jin. Come to beg pardon for Jenny, gentle-

folks, and shew you to a snug room looking over the river. This way if you please.

Mrs. B. Come, miss ; do walk till this letter is cleared up.

Cec. What have I to do with it ?

Nat. Go along with you. Haven't I refused Bell Spinks and Polly Puckeridge for you ? and now you want to break my heart, and throw me over the bridge.

Exeunt.

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Rose and Crown.
A window visible.*

Enter NATTY BRIGGS.

Nat. Here ! wotter !—*Mrs. Buzzby !*

Enter MRS. BUZZBY.

Mrs. B. What's the matter, my dear !—

Nat. Here's father-in-law.

Mrs. B. Impossible !

Nat. Look, see, there, with that lady in the veil. It's papa Buzzby I'm certain.

Mrs. B. Mercy defend me ! it is Mr. Buzzby Indeed— and a wench too—oh, the abominable sinner !—the vile hypocrite.

Nat. This is his Canterbury tale of going to Deptford, and hunting a creditor.

Mrs. B. Hunting Beelzebub ! ' I'll hunt him.
--I'll wench him. My hat and shawl.

Nat. I told you what a liquorish chap he was.
Exit.

Mrs. B. Oh ! the inordinate elder ! Instead of securing money at Deptford, to be squandering it on a hussey at Richmond ; our coming's a judgment upon him.

Re-enter NATTY with hat and shawl.

Nat. Here it is, mother. See, he's just turning the corner.

Mrs. B. Run first, child—dog him to his haunts, and I'll overtake you.

Nat. But Miss Cecilia—

Mrs. B. True--what will become of her--I have it—I'll turn the key upon her—she'll think it's an accident, and remain quiet till we come back.

Nat. Capital, mother !

Mrs. B. Away, child !

Nat. I'm off.

Exit.

Mrs. B. (*at a door in the flat.*) We're coming back, my dear, directly. (*turns the key and takes it out.*) The meritricious monster—who would have thought it—oh, John Buzzby, John Buzzby !

Exit.

GREVILLE enters.

Grev. (*looking at his card.*) John Buzzby ! why that must be Mrs. Anderson's old beau, and that old woman's in a fury—jealous, I'll lay my life—gad ! when Anderson has done with me, who knows but he may call out Buzzby. Here ; landlord !—Jingle ! Waiter ! where the devil are they all ?

JINGLE enters.

Jin. Here's Jingle! here's the landlord at your service.

Grev. Landlord, you're as idle as a waiter.

Jin. Captain, you are—

Grev. Have a care—

Jin. (*aside*) Noisy as a trumpeter—

Grev. Sir—

Jin. Majestic as a major, and insinuating as a recruiting serjeant.

Grev. Do you want a taste of my discipline?

Jin. No, I'd rather have a touch of your bounty.

Grev. You abuse my temper, sir, but I forgive you for your daughter's sake; how is she?

Jin. She! pert as Perry, and gets into a young fellows hands like--

Grev. Sherry.

Jin. A bottle of Sherry for Captain Greville.

Grev. Hey, blockhead! I drink your Sherry?

Jin. What did you call for?

Grev. Pen, ink and paper will answer my purpose.

Jin. (*Aside*) Sorry to say it won't answer mine.

Grev. Fetch it.

Jin. To oblige Capt. Greville, as a friend, certainly. *Exit.*

Grev. Devilish unlucky I should have lent my pistols. I must send for them, and follow up Maitland, or my reputation incurs a double risk. How the fellow loiters, Jingle—Jerry—

JINGLE enters with pen, ink and paper.

Jin. Coming, sir.

JENNY enters.

Jen. Coming, sir.

Jin. Hold your tongue.

Grev. Ah, my pretty Jenny, how do you do, my love. (*sitting down to write*)

Jen. Pretty well, thank you, sir; how do you. (*expecting to be checked.*)

Grev. (*writing.*) Jingle, leave Jenny to talk with me, and get out.

Jin. (*to Jenny.*) Leave me to talk to the Captain, and get out.

Jen. No; it was to me.

Jin. Hold your tongue. Beg pardon, but she talks quite enough with her ensign hobolly. (*aside, in allusion to the letter.*) Another amorous epistle, plague take 'em.

Grev. Do you hear? this letter must go with all possible dispatch. Send me a light, sealing wax, and your porter.

Jin. Light, sealing wax, and a bottle of porter for Captain Greville.

Jen. No, no, a porter, Simon.

Jin. Hold your tongue.

Grev. Would you poison me, sir?

Jen. The captain's not like another customer.

Jin. He is not indeed, worse luck, Simon.

(*A knocking at the door inside.*)

Cec. (*within*) Open the door! open the door!

Grev. Open the door!

Cec. I'm lock in.

Grev. Lock'd in! zounds Sir! do you lock up women in your house? where's the key of the door?

Jin. Why its gone!

Jen. I did'nt take it.

Jin. It's mother Buzzby, she has lock'd her in!

Grev. Whoever has lock'd her in, I'll let her out. (*kicks at the door*)

Jin. Captain Greville, I'll send for the smith.

Grev. Damn the smith. (*forces the door open, and leads out Cecilia*) Fair lady, welcome to liberty ; behold your deliverer, your vigilant and loyal knight, who has snatch'd you from persecution, and thus throwing himself at your feet—

Cec. Pray, rise, Sir.

Grev. Let us then haste from this detested spot.

Jin. Detested spot ?

Grev. “ And free as forest birds we'll fly together,
“ Without rememb'ring who our fathers were.”

Cec. Am I in a madhouse ?

Jin. While Mr. Greville's in it you certainly are. Consider my house, sir—consider delicacy—consider Mrs. Briggs.

Grev. Who the devil's Mrs. Briggs ?

Jin. Who ! my friend, sir, my friend and customer—a thorough customer, a friend in the noblest sense of the word.

Grev. Will you get out ?

Jin. I shall loose my licence.

Grev. You shall lose your ears, sir.

Jin. Mrs. Briggs will be about your's, rely on it. *Exit.*

(In the interval Cecilia has made signs to Jenay, and escaped.)

Grev. Impertinent, prating, meddling jackanapes (*looking round*) Gone ! escaped ! and shall

I submit to such rude, ungrateful—on, by heaven's, I'll—(*perceives her*) oh! oh! are you there?—(*calling*) ma'am! your glove, ma'am—
Jenny!— *Exit.*

JINGLE *Re-enters.*

Jin. He's off, and my ears are on: what does he mean! if he drew his purse as cavalierly as his sword, one might put up with it: but all row and no profit, won't suit me at all.

SIMON *enters.*

Sim. Here be the light and sealing wax—where's the captain?

Jin. Where!—running after the women, I suppose.

Sim. It ben't for your credit to have them chaps.

Jin. No, nor for my ready money either, if they're all of the captain's kidney. They call him a rake—he's no spendthrift, I'll answer for him. It's a puny race—the world degenerates—folly itself—formerly the characters met hand in hand, in a most gentlemanly and becoming manner. And this is your modern rantipole. I hav'n't patience with him; a watergruel whirligig; a pen, ink, and paper profligate scatterbrain it may be, but devilish close-fisted—no scores with him, as Sir John Falstaff says, but on the pate. What are you at, sir?—

Sim. I were no but spelling a bit. What be we to do with the letter?

Jin. Why, as its left open, and he may possibly be another correspondent of Miss Jenny's, I don't see but a peep may be very excusable.

(*reads*)

Sim. Varry proper : I weer thinking so. Here (*gives it*) I'll watch he don't come. Pratty Miss Jenny, what work she do make here. (*his heart*)

Jin. Odds dickens ! here's a business !

Sim. What be it, sir ?

Jin. Murder and mischief, battle and bloodshed--a duel, sending for his pistols !

Sim. Merciful !

Jin. Here's a pretty fellow, going to fight in an hour, and cutting in his capers.

Sim. Think of that ; skylarking, as if nothing were the matter.

Jin. We must bestir us.

Sim. Why so ?--if it be fun to him, it ben't our business.

Jin. Inhuman savage ! it is our business, it must be our business, and shall be our business. Come with me. Do you go down to Major Aubrey's, tell him there's the devil to pay, and bring him here ; do you mind, be sure you bring him here. I'll away to the magistrates, blow the whole business, muster the constables, muzzle the peace breakers and their pistols, and bring the whole party to the Rose and Crown to a grand dinner of reconciliation. Hold your tongue.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter CECILIA, in another Hat and Shawl.

Cec. Thanks to that madman, I have escaped. Jenny's hat and shawl will conceal me from my enemies, if I chance to meet'em ; and if I could

only write a fresh billet to Maitland, or send a message—heavens! my guardian! and sure 'tis my old school-fellow, Julia Courtney—how extraordinary! by what chance are they together; concealed as I am, if I could address her unknown to him, she might assist me;—I'll watch my opportunity.

Enter BUZZBY, and MRS. ANDERSON.

Buz. Here we are, madam, this is the street, and yonder, I take it is the green door: yes, that must be the major's.

Jul. Heaven be praised! how will he receive my confidence?

Buz. I can't pretend to say, madam, for allow me to observe, that in spite of your engagements, I had'nt yet received it myself. You have really made such a zig-zag sort of course to avoid these officers, and been altogether in such a flurry, that you'll excuse me, madam, but my curiosity is now more violent than ever, and if I am to appear at the major's, this, I imagine, is the moment to satisfy it.

Jul. As I shall state my case to the major in your presence, you will then hear all the particulars, in the mean time, let me inform you—

Buz. Yes, ma'am, inform me something if you please.

Jul. That I had the misfortune—

CECILIA advances and pulls JULIA by her dress. In speaking she turns her head and is cautious to conceal herself from the notice of BUZZBY.

Cec. Ma'am!

Jul. Eh!—(turns.)

Bus. Another interruption ! and another woman ; mystery and mischief thicken.

The ladies approach each other, JULIA recognizes CECILIA.

Jul. Cecil—

Cec. Hush ! I wish to speak with you in private.

Jul. Excuse us, Mr. Buzzby.

Bus. (*surprised, and scrutinizing Cecilia.*)—Ma'am !—

Jul. Retire one moment.

Bus. They've studied Mrs. Buzzby, I shall wish you a good morning.

Jul. Go, sir !

Bus. (*aside.*) If I was't so cursed curious I would.

Jul. I entreat you won't, sir.

Bus. Then, ma'am just to keep up my consequence. I'll move about, if you please.

Jul. Do sir.

Bus. They're a couple of wicked ones. When women whisper, the devil prompts.
(*he retires.*)

Cec. Dear Julia—I am so happy to see you. How came you with my guardian ?

Jul. Your guardian ?

Cec. Yes ; in this dress he doesn't know me. I'm all of a tremble.

Jul. You surprise me. We came in the coach together, and he is merely doing me the friendly office of conducting me where I am going.

Cec. And where is that, my dear ?

Jul. To a Major Aubrey.

Cec. Of the regiment quartered here ?

Jul. The same !

Cec. Then you may do me the greatest service

Jul. Name it.

Cec. In the same regiment is a Capt. Maitland !

Jul. Cecilia.

Cec. Now don't be alarmed—I assure you, he's a young man of the most honorable intentions.

Jul. Proceed.

Buz. Really, Ladies, this affair—

Jul. One moment, sir.

Cec. Pray Mr. Buzzby. (*BUZZBY retires again.*) We met while I was on a visit in Nottinghamshire, and he has since written proposals to my guardian. Mrs. Buzzby opens his letters, and I am convinced has kept it a secret from him as well as me; but fortune has betrayed them. I found the letter by accident, with a scawled copy of their answer, it is full of false hoods, my dear; states that I have no fortune, and that I am positively engaged to a booby son of Mrs. Buzzby. Now; as I am closely watch'd if you could contrive, through Major Aubrey's means, to undeceive him—

Jul. Most readily; when I have settled my own affair, which is both serious and urgent; still, how came you here ?

Cec. They have brought me here; by my own contrivance; but I can't stay to tell you.

Jul. Your guardian, I am sure, is honest.

Cec. And I am convinced knows nothing of the matter; but I daren't trust him, and he's prying so closely;—see how curious he looks, ha ! ha ! ha !

Buz. Zounds ! am I laugh'd at ?—

Jul For heaven's sake--

Cec. (*aside*) if he knew who was here. Adieu my dear ! I my depend on you.

Jul. Faithfully ; your lover, if possible, shall meet your guardian here.

Cec. A thousand thanks.—Adieu, adieu, Mr; Buzzby. [*Exit.*]

Buz. Your servant, ma'am.

Jul. You seem angry, sir ?

Buz. This is not the thing, ma'am.

Jul. I fear you mistook us ; mirth in me at this moment, would dishonour my feelings, especially towards one to whose kindness I owe nothing but respect and gratitude.

Buz. How gentle and uncommon, such words, and in such a voice, subdue me quite, restore all my gallantry, and set my heart a palpitating. I am yours still, madam, so far from deserting you, I swear you may lead me into all manner of mischief.

Jul. Nay now, *you* are merry ; yet, I am anxious to retain you at present for your own sake, as well as mine.

Buz. For my own sake, as well as—what a mysterious rogue it is.

Jul. We'll proceed if you please, sir.

Buz. Certainly, madam, but first you know as my curiosity is by no means more satisfied than it was—the little partial—only the little *partial* disclosure.—Before this rencoutre you were saying you recollect—

Jul. True : I was about merely to say (*looking out*) Isn't this his friend ?

Buz. (*fretfully*) Oh dear ! oh dear ! whose friend, ma'am ?

Jul. Mr. Greville's—the officer I wish'd to avoid.

Buz. His name's Greville—come that's something.

Jul. Pray turn, or we shall meet him.

Buz. Why turn? I'll keep him off, ma'am,—Who's afraid? Are people's private affairs to be troubled in this way? Are we to be flush'd and hunted down like a brace of partridges?

MAITLAND enters.

Mait. I am most happy, madam, in meeting you before you reach the place of your destination allow me most humbly and earnestly to entreat of you a moment's conversation?

Buz. He's very respectful: do we answer him, ma'am?

Mait. If I have the honor of addressing the lady, I imagine—

Jul. It is needless, sir, to enquire who I am: my time at this moment is precious: nor am I accustomed to be addressed by strangers.

Buz. You hear, sir! we don't answer strangers; the lady's affairs are her own: she doesn't require your assistance; and you mightn't be much the wiser if she did. Your servant, sir.

[*Exit, BUZZBY and JULIA.*]

Mait. 'Tis she! she knows me for the friend of Greville, and her very tenaciousness betrays her.

Enter Mrs. BUZZBY and NATTY, behind.

Nat. Into this street I'll swear he came.

Mrs. B. Then he must have entered one of the houses.

Mait. If I were to write to her—

Mrs. B. He has a lodging for the hussey, I have no doubt.

Nat. I don't see him, that's certain,

Mait. I'll follow her to the major's, and send up my card with a line of explanation. [*writes in his pocket-book,*]

Mrs. B. Suppose we enquire of this gentleman.

Nat. That—why its one of the dragoons—I don't like—if he should take it a miss.

Mrs. B. Why should he child?

Nat. Well; if you think he won't (*advancing to him.*) I beg pardon, sir—

Mait. (*writing in his pocket-book.*) Something to that effect,—with Captain Maitland's compliments, requesting—

Nat. Captain Maitland—

Mait. (*turning to them*) Sir!—

Nat. Is your name Captain Maitland!

Mait. It is, sir.

Nat. What that has been in Nottinghamshire lately?

Mait. The same, sir.

Nat. It's Captain Maitland, mother.

Mrs. B. Captain Maitland!

Mait. What the devil is all this? what d'ye mean sir? what's your pleasure with me?

Nat. Nothing, sir.

Mait. Nothing! 'sdeath, sir! do you presume to laugh at me?

Nat. Not for the world, sir.

Mait. Why you little paltry—

Mrs. B. (*screaming and interposing*) Oh, don't draw your sword upon my child!

Mait. Draw my sword on such an imbecile, contemptible—get about your business!

Nat. I'm gone, sir.—I'm gone. *Exit.*

Mrs. B. How lucky we secured Cecilia! this is all owing to his profligate father-in-law; only let me find him, that's all. *Exit.*

Mait. What could the puppy mean? talking and writing in the street, exposes me; I must dispatch. (*continues writing.*)

Re-enter BUZZBY.

Buz. There she is, safely lodged at the major's, and my information is just where it was.

Mait. That I think will do.

Buz. He's out, I'm dispatched in search of him, and the discovery is put off again—every tittle of it.

Mait. Ha!—her protector alone—now I may get at the truth. One word sir. The lady I saw you with, I presume, must have very particular motives, for not allowing herself to be known.

Buz. I apprehend she has, sir.

Mait. You, I suppose, sir, can have no cause so be so scrupulous, and will probably make no difficulty in informing me—

Buz. Sir, I have the strongest, the most insurmountable reasons, for refusing you all information whatever. How the devil can I tell him what I don't know myself. (*aside.*)

Mait. There are cases, where a word or two of explanation, may be highly desirable.

Buz. I feel most forcibly the truth of your remark.

Mait. Allow me only one or two questions.

Buz. They'll distress me, they will, indeed, the whole of the business, as far as relates to me, must remain an inviolable secret.

Mait. Very well, sir, very well; if I am to consider you as determined, I wish you a good morning.

Buz. Good morning, sir.

Mait. Should the affair take the turn I fear, you may repent your obstinacy. *Exit.*

Buz. I may repent my obstinacy! this is some devilish business, and here am I in the thick of it, as innocent as can be; like a harmless cipher, coupled with an unlucky unit, multiplying the mischief, and itself signifying nothing. Bullied here, laughed at there—and for what? Ah! there's the seduction, a woman—and one of that sweet sort, that even Mrs. Buzzby can't cure me of loving. I'm a knight-errant bewildered—Don Quixote in a fog, but Don Quixote still, and ready to fight it out.

Enter ANDERSON.

And. Unlucky! that my only friend here, should be absent. A duel on my hands, and no second.

Buz. (*apart.*) Why should I fear any man?

And. If I could light on some good-natured stranger—

Buz. (*apart.*) Let 'em come on, let 'em come on. (*Anderson observes him.*) Wasn't I a volunteer sharp-shooter, and when the martial fire was raging, hadn't I a month's lessons of Angelo? (*fencing.*) Carte! tierce! second!—

And. So, so, here's the very man for me.—
Your servant, sir.

Buz. Sir, your servant.

And. Excuse my addressing you, sir; but I have a pressing business on my hands, in which

there is every appearance, you may be of essential service to me.

Buz. I'm much obliged to you for the compliment; appearances, I have no doubt, are prodigiously in my favour: unluckily, I'm full of other people's business already, and I'm afraid it goes none the better for my meddling.

And. Mine's a trifle, sir, a fellow has insulted me, in half an hour I'm to fight him, and unfortunately am without a second; now, as I observe you have some practice—

Buz. Not as second, sir, I practice as a principal only.

And. Still, sir, as you've a taste for the pastime.

Buz. There you're deceived again, sir: I have no affectation of that sort: no wish whatever to attack my neighbours, though in this town, I'm likely to have quite enough to do to defend myself.

And. If that's the case, sir, only oblige me in my affair, and any assistance I can render you—

Buz. You can assist me, sir, be assured. The fact is, a young lady, a beautiful creature in distress, has placed herself under my protection, and so marked is her prepossession in my favour, that she will allow no man to share the honour she has done me, except a certain officer of dragoons, of whom I am now in search; consequently—

And. (*startled.*) Why, surely—a lady placed herself under your protection, and sent you for an officer of dragoons?

Buz. (*aside.*) There! now he'll want an explanation.

And. (*aside.*) Psha!—how can I suspect—yet after the whispers I have heard. She left

home early on a capricious pretext, and not knowing *my* intention——harkye, sir, what you have just said, strongly excites my attention;—have the goodness to explain yourself.

Buz. (*aside.*) I knew he would.

And. Who is the lady?

Buz. Sir, that's a very delicate question; you have your affair of honour, and I have mine.

And. To which this lady may possibly be a party?

Buz. Possibly she may, sir; I can only say, she raises much more curiosity than I can undertake to satisfy.

And. Mine, sir, begins to be urgent.

Buz. [*aside.*] Not more than mine, heaven knows. In one word, sir, I couldn't consistently oblige you any further; but as you seem so very anxious in the business, I'll just hint to you, that if you can only meet with a certain Captain Greville—

And. Greville—

Buz. Greville.

And. I'm satisfied. (*resolute anger.*)

Buz. That's lucky. (*aside*) They're all up to it but me; perhaps he'll drop something. I'm glad you're satisfied.

And. So am I, sir.

Buz. But you could'nt pump me, you see.

And. No, no.

Buz. (*aside.*) I wish I could pump you.

As far as I can judge, sir, the lady seems a very pleasant sort of a—(*pausing.*)

And. Very pleasant sort of a person, indeed.

Buz. And no doubt is—a—

And. No doubt in the world sir.

Buz. What, sir?

And. What ! you know what sir, as well as do.

Buz. No, upon my soul, I do not.

And. The setting sun shall leave one of us—

Buz. More in the dark than ever.—Couldn't you—

And. Woman's the devil !

Buz. (*aside.*) I shall learn nothiug new of him.

And. Deceitful, smooth-tongued—and you sir—

Buz. Well sir ?

And. At your sober years to become a scandalous go-between, an agent of shame and infamy.

Buz. Me sir ?

And. You—have you not confessed that you are employed to bring them together—that you are now sent in search of her profligate gallant ?

Buz. There's no gallant in the case. You don't know what you're talking about, sir—you're bothered, sir, and when a man's ideas are in a state of confusion, he'd better hold his tongue.

And. There's no confusion, in the case, sir.

Buz. S'blood sir ? but there is confusion, nothing but confusion, and I can endure it no longer.

And. You may well repent your conduct. Where is the worthless woman ?

Buz. There's no worthless woman, sir. I tell you, you are all wrong ; I speak of a lady of honor, and the person you mean, can't be the person I mean.

Enter MAITLAND.

Mait. Only answer me this.

Buz. There's the other chap again.

Mait. Is her name Anderson?

And. Anderson! now, sir, equivocate—

Mait. I know not how this gentleman is concerned, but I am right it seems.

Buz. Right!—yes, I dare say you'll all be right, and I shall die in my obscurity.

Mait. Sir, your conduct is unintelligible, and the wonder is, that you have obstinately concealed—

Buz. I tell you the wonder would have been if I had disclosed a syllable.

Mait. I must see the lady—

And. And pray sir, who are you?

Buz. There, now, they are embroiled.

Enter GREVILLE.

Grev. Maitland!

Buz. Now for an explosion!

Grev. I have been hunting you this hour—Anderson!—a second time—

And. Prepare for the third, sir.

Mait. Mr. Anderson!

Grev. Not known to each other. Then all's right, and you have spoilt no sport it seems.

Mait. Nay, but—

Grev. [*aside to Maitland.*] Not a word, on your life. Mr. Anderson, you hear, is pressing for justice, in his own way, and will find me in such cases, as I hope you'll vouch for me, *Semper paratus*. The law makes my will, sir, and here stands my confessor, [*pointing to Maitland.*]

And. 'Tis well, sir, your complaisant, your accommodating old pander there, who has been employed to manage your meeting with an unworthy woman, has discovered all, acquainted

me with the full extent of my wrongs, and made me a foe inexorable; my dishonour can only be effaced in blood. *Exit.*

Buz. Here's a precious business!

Gre. My complaisant old pander!

Buz. That was his obliging expression.

Gre. And are you really so?

Buz. I can't pretend to say—I give it up—At this moment I don't know who I am, nor what I am—My wits are in a very critical condition; and upon my soul, if you continue to bewilder me—

Gre. Bewilder you—faith, 'tis you that puzzle us, and seem the very genius of perplexity:—hark ye, my honest friend; are you possessed, or what is the meaning of your conduct?

Buz. Sir, I am possessed; you're all possessed—you, sir, and your friend, and your enemy, and every man I meet in this infernal town: therefore, sir, with your leave, I shall get out of it as fast as possible.

Mait. Hold, sir. This will not serve you. A character like you—

Gre. A troubler of the peace of families!

Mait. A common libeller!

Gre. A wanton incendiary!

Buz. You're mad—I tell you, you're mad—You're mad—You're both mad, and I shall be mad—mad as a bedlamite—ask in St. Martin's Parish—I!—I!—John Buzzby, to be called—

Mait. John Buzzby of St. Martin's—you the guardian of Cecilia Clermont?

Buz. Yes, I am, sir: now she's in the scrape, I suppose.

Mait. As you have heard my name, Mr. Buzzby, you well know my concern in the inqui-

ry—It should have occurred to you, that we are already in some sort acquainted.

Buz. The devil we are! then the sooner we cut, the better.

Mait. You recollect the letters you have written to Captain Maitland?

Buz. Letters to Captain Maitland! Stop, sir! stop! don't carry the joke too far.

Grev. One business at a time, gentlemen, if you please; mine is imperious. Mr. Buzzby, we sha'n't forget.

Buz. I can return the compliment.

Grev. (to Maitland.) The packet? the precious, fatal packet?

Mait. I have it here. (*touching his pocket.*)

Grev. Then there it must remain at present.—After what has past, we have no time for loitering; Anderson must be satisfied in his own way first and immediately—in yours afterwards, as it happens—for the lady's character, it seems, (that is, whether Anderson wrongs her, or she still obligingly inclines to her first admirer,) must now depend upon this gentleman's calmer information: There's another rod in pickle for you, my friend. We shall find you—I know where Mrs. Buzzby is, and there. I suppose, you must follow her.

[*Exeunt GREVILLE and MAITLAND.*]

Buz. As long as she don't follow me, there's still some hope for my faculties. It's all a hoax.

(*Here NATTY BRIGGS enters, chuckles and makes signs as if to his mother.*)

But it won't do—if I can't prevent mischief, I'll make no more. Let 'em squabble together, ladies and gentlemen, I'll give 'em all the slip, run over to the Red Lion at Brentford, and have my

day of pleasure out, in spite of them. [*Natty Briggs faces him.*] Fire and fatality. This infernal cub !

Nat. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Buz. What do you mean, sir ? how came *you* here ? do you dog me ? do you play the spy upon me ?—

Nat. Not I, father-in-law—he ! he ! he !—you know I like a trip to Richmond with the cutter lads, but I did not know it was a favourite spot of yours, papa !

Buz. [*aside.*] I'll cut him, however ;—keep your distance, sir ; I want none of your company.

Nat. Don't be angry, father.

Buz. [*aside.*] We're alone ; I long to kick him, and here's an opportunity.

Nat. How's your pretty customer, father ?

Buz. [*aside.*] The puppy has pursued me.—Take care you don't meet with an ugly one ; none of your impertinence here, sir.

Nat. [*coming up to him.*] Why, what will you do, papa ?

Buz. Do !—that's what I'll do—that's what I'll do.

[*Cuffs him round the Stage—MRS. BUZZBY rushes in and interposes.*]

Buz. Mrs. Buzzby !—the devil !

[*He runs off, MRS. BUZZBY, and NATTY following.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Rose and Crown.**Enter JENNY.*

Jen. What can be the matter? Father's come home in such a fanteague, and has brought two constables with him; what can it be about?—Simon's a thief, I dare say.

Jin. [*without.*] Jenny!

Jen. Father!—

JINGLE enters with two Constables.

Jin. Walk in, gentlemen; I'll attend to you directly. Is Simon come back?

Jen. No, father. What's the matter?

Jin. Matter enough.

Jen. Pray tell me.

Jin. Presently; time enough to set you a talking—Here comes the major.

Enter MAJOR AUBREY and SIMON.

Maj. A. Now, Mr. Jingle, let me understand this addlebrained message; why am I brought here in such haste—what is the business?

Jin. Mischief's the business, major; murder might have been the business, but I have detected the whole affair, and as a friend to humanity, as a friend to you and your family, have taken due measures to prevent it.

Maj. A. My family!

Jin. Yes, sir;—your nephew, the brave Captain Greville—

Maj. A. What of him ?

Jin. Engaged in an affair of honour, sir, and a meeting appointed in the Park in less than half an hour.

Maj. A. A meeting ! with whom ? on what ?—no matter,—let us begone instantly.

Jin. Don't be flurried, major ; no sort of occasion, I've settled every thing. I've done my duty, been to Justice Jolly, got his warrant ; sent two constables on the look out, and kept two more, my worthy neighbors here, to attend your pleasure.

Maj. A. You have done well, Mr. Jingle.

Jin. Will the gentleman take any thing ?

Maj. A. We have no time to lose—follow me all. [Exit.

Jin. Follow gentlemen, (to Jenny) Hold your tongue.

(Exit JINGLE and Constables.)

Jen. I must till I know more. A duel ; its all for love I'll lay my life. Dear Ensign Maypole is out of the scrape, thank goodness, but there can't be any harm now, and father will bring'em all here I dare say. Here come Mr. Briggs and his mama. Miss Cecilia's lover will call him out next, I warrant.

Enter NATTY BRIGGS.

Nat. What a posse on'em : my waddling mother can hardly get past : she's mad with me for letting papa Buzzby get off.

Enter Mrs. BUZZBY.

Mrs. B. Oh Natty ! Natty ! a proper straight limbed youth like you, to be outrun by John Buzzby !

Nat. Outrun ! that's a prime good one ; hav'n't I won wagers ? didn't I beat Kit Cape the tailor, for a leg of mutton and trimmings, when he gave me such a stitch in the side : but if you couldn't keep up, mother, you know I can't run alone.

Jen. That you can't ; every body sees you're in leading strings.

Nat. Keep your distance, if you please ; where's the young lady ?

Jen. Safe enough, you take care of that ; it's a shame for you to plague Miss, as you do, when she can't sympathise.

Nat. Fiddlestick's end ! you go and sympathise with Ensign Maypole ; you can all sympathise fast enough when you like.

Jen. Yes, with a proper commissioned officer, not with a fifer, Mr. Briggs. *Exit.*

Nat. Do you hear ? I'll tell her father of her as sure as she's born.

Mrs. B. An ignorant hussey ; who minds what she says. Now for our prisoner.—The door broke open !

Nat. No?—then she's off, to a certainty !
(*goes in.*)

Mrs. B. Gone with her Maitland ! an artful scheme from the beginning : this comes of pleasuring, and my wicked husband.

BRIGGS returns.

Nat. Its all right mother ! There she is, safe enough.

Mrs. B. Why sure :—then she must be a good girl after all.

Nat. And would you think it : what should she be reading but my letter ? where I declare my eternal passion for her.

Mrs. B. You delight me!

Nat. Delight you! yes, and I delight her too, take my word for it. Why do you think a long sword can beat a long head, in the long run?—If you had but heard her! what are you at, said I,—what, says she, smiling! why, enjoying your elegant hand, in the absence of your elegant face. Look! says she, here it is, four sides full of your eternal passion.

Mrs. B. I don't wonder at it. Such a beautiful pen as you have; and the letter you wrote that Maitland, shall come to be the truth at last.

Nat. It shall. In a week, Cecilia and I shall be one in spite of him.

Mrs. B. Let's escape, then, for after all, long swords, make very short work, dear, and if before you're one, he should cut you into two or three—

Nat. Lud a mercy! how you talk!—Let's dine and take places—What a fury!—I shan't eat much as it is!—Do come along! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The Outside of Major Aubrey's, indicated
by the Green Door.*

Enter BUZZBY.

Buz. Wheugh!—What a breathing—They're at fault, however, and after all my dodging and doubling, here I'm once more at my friend the major's. Whether my head or my heels are most

to be pitied is a moot point, for certainly a lunatic escaped from his keepers, knows more what he's about, or what he means to be about than I do. Skulking will never do. I may have unwillingly brought this poor lady into a worse scrape than she has brought me, but if ladies will keep us in the dark, what can they expect. If we could only comfort one another; if that rakehelly captain would but carry off Mrs. Buzzby, and leave her to me—

Enter JULIA from the Major's.

Jul. (to him.) Returned, Mr. Buzzby!

Buz. My dear!—(Starting in alarm.)—I beg pardon, I took you for another lady.

Jul. I expected you impatiently.

Buz. I dare say, I'm in very general request ma'am.

Jul. I'm really quite ashamed to make you run about so.

Buz. You needn't, ma'am; you're not singing, and its plain there's nothing about me to inspire either tenderness or ceremony.

Jul. Do you reproach me, sir?

Buz. By no means, madam, quite the contrary. With you I begin to recover my consequence, and after all I have experienced, it's really quite refreshing to be with you.

Jul. My husband, sir, I am sure will be grateful for your kindness.

Buz. Your husband!—No Ma'am! there I am sure you miscalculate, I should as soon expect civility from my wife, as your husband.

Jul. Why should you think so, sir!

Buz. I have my reasons, Ma'am, I have also my motives, and very proper ones for not telling

them to you, till you fulfil your promise of making the whole matter a little more intelligible to me.

Jul. I proposed you should be satisfied in the presence of the Major. Have you seen him ?

Buz. No, Madam, I have not.

Jul. Not seen him, sir ! And why not ?

Buz. Why not, Ma'am !—I have met with interruption,—saving your presence, damnable ones. That I have been pretty busy in your service, you can't deny—but I have no supernatural gifts. I am no conjuror, Ma'am, I assure you. I can't buz about in the dark like an owl, nor live in fire like a salamander.

Jul. You talk wildly, sir ?

Buz. So would an archbishop, ma'am, that had gone through what I have.

Jul. And I the cause ?

Buz. Yes, ma'am—I don't mean to complain of you—not on any account—bless you, I would not make you unhappy for the world.

Jul. I am truly sensible of your kindness, and if we could but find Major Aubrey, the cause of all my troubles may be removed.

Buz. Well, well—I'll try again, I wish he may set matters to right, with all my heart, for when I think of all I have heard—and—all have not heard—I begin to be seriously uneasy for your sake, as well as mine.

Jul. Then pray, sir, lose no time. Perhaps at the military mess—

Buz. No ma'am, I have been in one military mess already.

Jul. I mean if you will enquire at the Barracks.

Buz. At the gate, ma'am, I will enquire ; I'll

go immediately. Only one word; what is the nature, merely the nature of your errand here?

Jul. Briefly, sir. I came to prevent mischief, to ensure peace and tranquillity.

Buz. Did you indeed? Then, madam, I am sorry to say, never errand more completely miss'd its aim.

Jul. Have you then heard?—

Buz. It's no matter, ma'am. All our hopes are in the Major, and be assured, I'll not rest now till I find him.

MAJOR AUBREY enters.

Maj. A. So! this possibly may be the lady.

Buz. Perhaps this may be the gentleman.

Jul. Ask him, sir!—

Buz. She don't know him. Pray, sir, are you Major Aubrey?

Maj. A. I am, and this lady, I presume, is Mrs. Anderson?

Buz. I presume it is, sir.

Jul. I am Mrs. Anderson, sir.

Maj. A. And seem to be surprised that I should know it. The truth is, madam, I have just received some intimation of your intention to visit me.

Jul. From whom, sir?

Maj. A. That you shall know presently.

Buz. Now I shall hear the particulars—

Maj. A. In the mean time madam, I am charged to put a serious question to you, a question which in my own mind, I am convinced is needless, but is on behalf of one, whose title to make it cannot be disputed.

Jul. Of what nature is this question, sir?

Maj. A. Forgive me, madam, but it nearly

concerns your honor, which it seems has been strangely compromised by a certain Mr. Buzzby,

Jul. By you, sir ?

Buz. By me, madam, I am the devil himself.--Proceed sir, pray proceed. Nothing further you can say of Mr. Buzzby, can be of the slightest consequence.

Maj. A. 'Tis a pity, sir, you should so expose yourself.

Buz. It is, indeed.

Maj. A. Your conduct is unaccountable, and though I have prevented most of the mischief you might have occasioned, your wantonness, I fear, will not pass unnoticed.

Buz. So I am told, sir ; you'll raise the town, I dare say, and hunt me home with rotten eggs and catcalls !

Maj. A. You will also, madam, instruct me as to the object of your visit, which will possibly, in itself be an answer to my question.

Jul. I am anxious, sir, to do so.

Buz. I shall hear it at last.

Maj. A. For this gentleman, if he wishes to make you amends, and calm the feelings he has inflamed, I recommend him to attend instantly at the Rose and Crown, where he is anxiously expected. Walk in, madam, our communication must be private.

(*Exeunt MAJOR AUBREY and MRS. ANDERSON.*

Buz. Come ! if that isn't cool, the devil's in it, I have been abused on all hands, for my concern in this affair. I have waited all day to know the rights of it, and now the major's come, their communication must be private, I am to walk off to the Rose and Crown, or else I suppose I am to

be waylaid and duck'd in a horsepond by these mad-cap troopers. It's my doom, there's no resisting it ; I shall be used to it at last, so here goes again, in spite of run-away wives, jealous husbands, hot-brained gallants, and mother Buzzbys in ambuscade. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room at the Rose and Crown.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. They're all so busy, there's no such thing as getting at a word of the matter.

JINGLE enters.

Well father ! you have brought the whole party ?

Jin. J have, and as sneaking a set they are, as ever tantalized a pains-taking publican. Not a cork stirs for 'em.—Milk sops, diet-drink cox-combs. Send 'em to the pastry cook. Pistols truly !—pop-guns I say ?—fellows fight that don't drink—fue—flash in the pan, all swagger and soda water.

Jen. Don't you believe it, Captain Greville's a Turk.

Jin. Turk, yes, too much of a Turk, vastly free with our women, plaguy shy of our wine. If these are your duellists, give me a boxing match—give me your gallant bottle holders—they're the hearts—keep the game alive, let the claret flow first, and the port afterwards, smoking bowls and bumper glasses.

(bell rings.)

Coming?—

Jen. Oh, father! Mr. Briggs's bill.

Jin. Hold your tongue—I know—chops, cheese, and Cape-Madeira. [Exit.

Jen. No news from father; his head always in the till. We shall have the house full of people before I can possibly tell 'em half the story.— But know the truth I will. Where can Simon be? Oh, here he is.

SIMON enters.

Well, Simon, what have you heard about this horrible business?

Sim. Heard!—Mercy on us!—such work! such deadly doings—When neighbour Wagstaff the constable rushed among 'em, they were all massacreeing o' one another like a pack o' blood-hounds—upon which says Mr. Wagstaff, you be one and all a party of pretty chaps, and I arrest you in the king's name for high treason.

Jen. And what did they say?

Sim. Bless ye, not a bit daunted; quite the contrary; nor that crazy Captain told un he were a meddlesome blockhead, and axed how he dared for to curtail their honourable horricide and manslaughter.

Jen. Well!

Sim. Well, then you see, the pistolling being done, and the smoke blowed away quite clean and clear, up comes maister, tells 'em all to hold their tongues, and do to theirsens the pleasure to step to the Rose and Crown, and settle the whole business in an amiable manner, which, wi' a deal o' politeness, they accordingly did; and here they be come, all reeking wi' gore and gunpowder.

Jen. But what was it all about?

Sim. Why, that you see, I han't been able to

get to the bottom on. But as far as I could pick up, one o' the hadversaries were wounded in his feelings, upon the count of a lady, that were come here, unbeknown to her husband.

Jen. Humph!—A lady come here—unbeknown to her husband.

Sim. Aye, or the husband were come unbeknown to her, I can't rightly say which.

Jen. Simon! Simon! you know nothing about the matter.

Sim. Well, I can't say as I do: howsoever, there be an elderly gentleman expected every moment, that be to clear up every thing.

Jen. An elderly gentleman?

Sim. Aye.

Jen. Then do you look out for him, Simon, and tell me when he comes. In five minutes here'll be Mrs. Parsons, and Miss White, and every one of the neighbours, and not to be able to tell them all the particulars—why they'll never forgive me.

Sim. Why, should have a better understanding, that's a sure thing. Who be this? mayhap, the gentleman.

Jen. To be sure it is.

Sim. Stand clear, I'll ax un.

Buzzby Enters.

Buz. Come, I have arrived without molestation at the Rose and Crown. A miracle!—and I hope a prognostic that my purgatory may have an end. None of my plagues yet?—who are you?

Sim. Us, sir?—why axing o' your pardon, sir, we be two young people as be in a lamentable state of ignorance.

Buz. Aye, that will happen to young and old.

Jen. And if you please, sir, we have something to say to you very particular.

Buz. Something to say to me, my dear?
(*aside.*) A message from the parties I suppose—

Jen. Will you take a seat, sir? (*hands a chair.*)

Buz. You're very kind, my dear. (*aside*)
Another of the pretty creatures that lead me into mischief. (*seats himself.*)

Jen. Of course, sir, you are acquainted with the sad doings, there has been in this town to-day.

Buz. Yes; it's a very lively town, I'll answer for it.

Sim. We do mean *relative* to they pistol desperadoes, that we be given to understand you do in some sort belong to.

Buz. That I belong to? Well, sir, proceed.

Sim. Well, sir, they be all come here, and now you be come, and as miss and I be situated, we'll just trouble you to specify to us, the needful particulars of this here transaction.

Buz. The infection rages; the whole county has it. To be culled upon at last, by an ostler and a chambermaid.

Sim. An ostler!

Jen. A chambermaid! my name's Jenny Jingle, sir,

Buz. I dare say it is, my dear.

Jen. I'll talk to him, Simon.

JINGLE enters.

Jin. Hold your tongue! Your servant, sir—talk of the devil, and—begging your pardon, sir, I'm sent for you. You are anxiously ex-

pected—you are the person, I presume, that four constables, three gentlemen, and one lady, have been asking for.

Buz. Nothing more likely. The name of the gentlemen, if you please?

Jin. The three principal, Greville, Maitland, and Anderson.

Buz. And the lady's?

Jin. Buzzby.

Buz. Show me to the gentlemen, and the lady to the devil. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANDERSON and two constables.

And. Well, gentlemen; I suppose I may dispense with your company.

Con. May be so, sir, but we can't dispense with yours, till you've seen the justice, and found your sureties.

And. You'll depend upon my honour, I suppose.

Con. Why, begging your honour's pardon, we can't take upon us to trust it alone. When Major Aubrey comes back, mayhap he'll bring justice's authority.

Enter MAITLAND.

Mait. Mr. Anderson, I have consulted Captain Greville's brother officers, and since you have exchanged shots, and his life has therefore been offered to appease your feelings, I am allowed to say, that he instructed me previous to your arrival, to restore these letters to Mrs. Anderson, with every becoming apology for his conduct respecting them.

And. And why, sir, was I not informed of this?

Mait. Captain Greville forbade it. You had proceeded too impetuously, for a soldier's honour to pause upon any compromise.

And. If that is the case, sir, when other points are cleared up, I shall act towards Captain Greville as becomes me. But as I do not wish to be exposed to the curiosity of the neighbours, I shall retire for the present, and wait the return of Major Aubrey with Mrs. Anderson, and the strange person who escorted her. I shall then, I trust, be enabled to make to all parties that reparation which at present appears due to them.

[*Exit ANDERSON and two Constables.*]

Grev. (without.) When my uncle and the lady arrive, you'll let me know.

GREVILLE enters with JENNY.

Maitland, my boy! Jenny and I were looking for you.

Mait. What is become of your attendants?

Grev. The constables? I've turned them over to *Jingle*; he answers for me, and as I threatened to kick the fellows, they said they were sure I should keep the peace, and obligingly kept their distance.

Mait. Ha! ha! ha!—

Grev. You *may* laugh—we have news for you, rare news. Your mistress—your Nottinghamshire beauty, is now here.

Mait. Here?—

Grev. In this house.

Mait. Cecilia!

Jen. Yes, that's her name—she's here with Mrs. Buzzby and her son Mr. Briggs.

Mait. 'Tis clear, then.

Grev. Clear! why I have seen her—actively served her.

Jen. Made love to her.

Grev. Hush!

Mait. Greville!

Grev. Nonsense!—Ye jade, would you have me shot at like a wild goose?—I tell you, she's prudence itself—discreet as a vestal—her very look awed me, and then away she ran in search of you.

Jen. Yes, sir, and has been all day trying to send you a letter.

Mait. I can't credit it!—after what was written me!—

Grev. There's the mystery. We must unravel it—

Mait. With that intention, I have already left a letter for her guardian at the bar.

Jen. He has got it, and here comes the others.

Mait. 'Tis she! and the puppy that accosted me.

Grev. Keep aloof. I'll entertain the old lady, while you steal a word with the young one.

Enter MRS. BUZZBY, CECILIA, and NATTY.

Mrs. B. Come along. You have been out, Miss?

Nat. What did you go out for?

Cec. To meet you, to be sure.

Nat. How am I to be sure?

Cec. Can you look in the glass and doubt it?

Nat. Well, she argues rational.

Cec. (catches a sight of Maitland.) Ah!

Grev. (at the same moment meeting Mrs. B.) Heaven and earth, I'm struck!

Mrs. B. Sir!

Grev. What an exquisite person!

Nat. What, mother!

Grev. 'Tis she!—the Cyprian herself, the celestial mother of Cupid!

Nat. Well, that's handsome to both of us.

Mrs. B. What can the gentleman mean?

Grev. Mean!—more than I can express, madam!—my head turns round—support me—*(staggers on Natty.)*

Mrs. B. *(going up.)* He's taken ill!—What can be the matter with you?

Grev. I am better, madam—I am rather better, every moment will improve me. But don't leave me—observe me, sir—observe me closely. Do you mark the changes of my agitated countenance?

Nat. Yes, yes, I see!

Mrs. B. He's out of his mind!

Mait. *(claps him on the shoulder.)* So, my young friend—

Nat. Bless my soul, another of them!—Mr. Maitland again!

Mrs. B. *(to Greville, holding her.)* Let me go, sir!

Grev. Don't be alarmed, ma'am, we are both as quiet as lambs—only hear him.

Mrs. B. Well, sir, what has he to say to us?

Mait. Simply, madam, that I have detected your base double dealing, the gross falsehoods you have attempted to impose on me, relative to the inclinations of this lady.

Nat. Falsehoods, sir?

Mait. Yes, sir! I know the consequences of what I say; I well know the ferocity of your character, and that I expose my life in thus expressing myself: but if you insist—

Not. Sir, I do not insist. And let me tell you, whoever gave you such a character of me, told a much greater falsehood than either mother or I: its no business of ours—its all father-in-law's doings.

Mait. If that is the case—

Buz. (*without.*) Nobody forthcoming?

BUZZBY enters.

Here they are at last.

Mait. Now, Mr. Buzzby—

Mrs. B. Now, Mr. Buzzby—

Enter ANDERSON, MRS. ANDERSON, MAJOR AUBREY, and two Constables.

And. Here he is. Now, Mr. Buzzby, if you please—

Buz. One at a time. Where are the constables?

Const. Here we be!

Buz. (*pointing to Mrs. B.*) Take charge of that old lady for five minutes.

Mrs. B. Insolent!

Const. You musn't disturb business, ma'am.

Buz. Now, sir, make yourself intelligible, if you can.

And. That is a request I should make to you. Did you not say you were employed to bring Captain Greville to Mrs. Anderson?

Buz. No, sir—I said I was in search of an officer, meaning Major Aubrey; and that for further information, you might apply to Captain Greville. If gentlemen can't keep their understandings clear, I'm sorry for it.

And. Sir, I'm satisfied, and can excuse your reflection. To Captain Greville I may now say

the same. I am truly sorry our unseasonable meeting should have prevented those honourable intentions of which I am now instructed.

Gov. You were entitled, sir, to your own mode of satisfaction, and as I have offered it in every form, I have removed, I hope, both your displeasure, and the lady's.

And. The affair, sir, is henceforth forgotten.

Buz. Then I shall know nothing of it after all.

Mait. But mine, Mr. Buzzby.

Buz. Yours, sir, I have penetrated. The letter you left for me at the Bar has thrown daylight upon that mystery. Your civil conjecture in my favour, sir, was well founded. Breaking of seals is a serious matter—there are the culprits, and if you have any mind to ship 'em off for Port Jackson, the officers will do their duty.

Mrs. B. Monsters!

Nat. It's all you.

Buz. With respect to your merits, sir, you must allow me to be a little inquisitive in my turn. That point settled, only promise not to plague my ward, as you have me, and where she has given her heart, her hand shall follow—You shall have it.

Mrs. B. He shall?—then when you come home, Mr. Buzzby, depend upon it you shall have it. *Exit.*

Nat. If ever I come out on a party of pleasure again, I wish I may be blown up in a steam-boat.—(*going.*)

Buz. I wish you may, Mr. Briggs.

Enter JINGLE.

Jin. Mr. Briggs!

BRIGGS returns.

your bill, sir.

Nat. Go to the devil.

Exit.

Grev. Jingle, stop; as I have been the great cause of assembling this party, what remains of it, I hope, will do me the honour to pick a friendly bone with me, now the bone of contention is laid aside.

Buz. With all my heart, sir.

Jin. Carried, nem. con.

Jen. Oh! if Ensign Maypole—

Jin. Hold your tongue. Captain Greville, you're a gentleman—I always said so: you shall have a dinner, worthy of you and the Rose and Crown.

Buz. And I shall cheat my evil genius at last, have my day out with a jolly gentlemanly party, and find, I hope, some favour for honest

JOHN BUZZBY!

THE END.

A COMIC MEDLEY,

IN THREE PARTS.

WRITTEN BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq.

FOR, AND

SUNG BY, MR. SLOMAN.



PART ONE.

THE Nightingale club in a village was held,
At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears,
Where the singers no doubt would have greatly excell'd
But for want of—
Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row, &c.
Peaceful slumbering—
At the town of nate Clogheen—
Where the graces they were culling posies—
And found the finest ram, sirs, that ever was fed on hay
This ram was fat behind sirs, this ram was fat before,
This ram was—
A flaxen headed cowboy as simple as may be,
And next a merry ploughboy who sung—
Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he,
He called for—
The lass of Patie's mill, so bonny, blythe and gay,
In spite of all my skill, she stole—
A bold dragoon, with his—
Oh dear what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?—
For of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like little Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives—
With Robin Adair,
What made the ball so fine,
What made the assembly shine ?
Oh it was—
The rum old Commodore,
The fighting old Commodore,
For the bullets and the gout
Have so knocked your hull about,
That you'll never be fit for—
The Maid of Lodi, who sweetly sung to the—
Call again to-morrow, call again to-morrow,
Can't you, can't you, call again to-morrow ?

PART TWO.

A master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get—
 A regiment of Irish dragoons,
 And they were quartered—
 In a mouldering cave, the abode of despair,
 Where Britannia was weeping her loss,
 She mourned for her Wolfe and exclaimed in despair—
 'Twas in the good ship Rover, I sail'd the world
 around,
 And for ten years and over I ne'er touched—
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wot ye how she cheated me—
 In the bay of Biscay, O!—
 Cease rude Borcas, blustering railer,
 List ye Land'smen all to me,
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor, sing—
 O hush thee my darling,
 The hour will soon come,
 When thy sleep will be broken by—
 The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree,
 The woodpecker tapping—
 Poor Sally's wooden ware,
 Who all for money barter,
 Her pins, her toys, her top-knots rare,
 Her bodkins, lace, and—
 Paddy Shannon high mounted on his trotting little
 poney,
 Set off on a journey from Leather-lane to Bow,
 To ogle Widow Wilkius, whom he courted for her
 money,
 And tugging at his bridle, cried—
 Don't I look spruce on my neddy,
 In spite of his kicking and prancing,
 Gee up, and gee ho, and stand steady,
 Mister Neddy I'm not fond of dancing—
 When absent from her my soul holds most dear,
 What a medley of passions, what a medley of—
 Old chairs to mend,
 Old chairs to mend—
 Very good song, very well sung,
 Jolly companions every one—

Thus the nightingale club gaily kept up their clamour,
 And were nightly knock'd down by the president's
 hammer,
 Were nightly, were nightly knock'd down,
 Knock'd down by the president's hammer.

 PART THREE.

Your pardon kind gentlefolks, pray,
 I'm called to roar out the song, sirs,
 And when a lad's called on they say—
 Come bustle neighbour Prig,
 Buckle on your sunday wig,
 In our sunday clothes so gaily—
 Together let us range the fields—
 While the wolf in nightly prowl,
 Bays the moon with—
 Will you come to the bower,
 I have shaded for you,
 Your bed shall be—
 On the spot in ancient lore oft named—
 Where Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
 Ri tol de rol de ra,
 The fairest wench in all the town,
 Ri tol de riddle lol de ra
 If you loves I as I loves you—
 On this cold flinty rock, I will lay down my head,
 And sweetly will sing—
 Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learn't a bit to row,
 But bless your heart I always was so gay—
 That to treat an old woman in Yorkshire,
 In Yorkshire she did dwell ;
 She loved—
 Billy Taylor, a brisk young fellow,
 Wery full of mirth, wery full of glee,
 And his mind did diskiver, to—
 A frog he would a wooing go,
 Heigho ! says Rowley,
 Whether his mother would let him or no,
 With his—
 Here's a health to all good lasses,
 Here's a health to—
 God save great George our king,
 Long live our noble king,
 God save the king.

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